

THE ATHENS POST.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

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TERMS:

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THE POST.

Athens, Friday, March 4, 1853.

The Daily Boston Chronicle very justly reads a lecture against Reformers, i. e.—those individuals who make merchandise of philanthropy, who find the time always out of joint and think themselves ordained of Providence to officiate as moral surgeons—who contend that "whatever is wrong"—and claim all the humanity, all the charity, all the morality and all the religion of the land. They may be found hovering around the courts of justice, to protect the criminal from the due award of his crimes; seldom are they found in the family whom the criminal has wronged.

NORTH CAROLINA.—In the New York Herald, Dr. Hawks claims that—

First—it was on the shores of North Carolina that the first English colony was planted in America; secondly—the first blood shed in battle with the troops of the English government, in support of the principles of the American revolution, was the blood of North Carolinians; and the first battle was on the soil of that State; and thirdly, the first declaration of independence ever promulgated in any of those colonies came from North Carolina, more than a year before the National Declaration of July 4, 1776.

There is a natural and just excep- tion taken against the use of terms, too common with American biographers, in the remarks which follow:

"Born of Poor, but Honest Parents!" Whenever I read the above words as the introduction of a biography, I pronounce the author lacking in good common sense, as well as politeness. Just as if the parents must especially be exempt from dishonesty. Just as if it were necessary to inform the reader that, although the parents were poor, they had the exceptional and unusual merit worthy of particular notation, that they were honest!

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—In his history of Massachusetts Bradford states that on the anniversary of the Society for promoting in- dustry, three hundred females of Boston as- sembled on the Common with their spinning wheels. They were neatly attired in cloth of their own manufacture, and a great crowd of spectators collected to witness the scene. This was in 1753, just one hundred years ago.

THINK OF IT.—A humming-bird once met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once scorned me and called me a crawling dot." "Impossible," exclaimed the humming-bird, "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me, I was a caterpillar. So let me give you this piece of advice: never insult the humble, as they may one day become your superiors."

Boys and girls think of this.

We had related to us the other day an anecdote of an old lady who formerly entertain- ed travelers in a neighboring county. Before her guests commenced a meal it was her custom to ask a blessing. She always de- livered herself in this wise: "Oh Lord make us thankful for the food before us. Nancey hand round the corn bread first, and the biscuits afterwards. Amen."

The New York Times advocates the elec- tion of Post Masters by the people.

DIAMONDS.—The Asheville News says, "it is reported that Mr. Denver, in the north end of Buncombe, has recently found a substance strongly resembling and believed by many to be the pure diamond." Pretty good, that, for Buncombe!

A new paper has been recently started in Columbus, Ga., by Gen. J. A. Bethune, called the "Corner Stone," the avowed object of which is to bring about a dissolution of the Union. The following extract from the first number states the case plainly:

"Believing the Gen Government to be cor- rupt in all its parts—holding that it belongs to, and is and will be administered for the benefit of the North alone—that in all re- spects and under all circumstances, the political connection between the two sections is productive of evil, and only evil to the South, we shall advocate its dissolution."

The net earnings of the New York rail- roads for 1852 were \$5,848,146.

IMPORTANT RAILROAD GRANT.—An act of Congress in aid of an interesting railroad en- terprise, passed during the present session and approved by the President on the 9th inst., is published in the Washington papers on the 11th.

This act gives the right of way through the public lands, to the States of Arkansas and Missouri, for the construction of a railroad from a point on the Mississippi river opposite the mouth of the Ohio, by the way of Little Rock, Arkansas, to the Texas boundary line near the town of Fulton, with branches to the Mississippi river and to Fort Smith in Arkansas. This grant includes a distance of one hundred feet on either side of the line of the road, and embraces the right of taking the earth, stone, timber, &c., necessary for the construction of the work.

To aid in building this road, and the branches named, Congress grants to the State of Missouri and Arkansas, every alternate section of land designated by even numbers, for six sections in width on each side of the road and branches; providing, that if, when the lines of the road and its branches shall have sold or granted any portions of such lands, or that the right of pre-emption has attached to any portion thereof, then an equal amount of contiguous government lands shall be taken by the States concerned in lieu of any tracts so sold, granted, or subject to pre-emption claims.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23. The steamship Black Warrior has arrived from Havana, which port she left on the 18th inst. She was fired at while going out of the port of Havana, by a Spanish war steamer before she could hoist her colors.

The health of Havana is reported to be good.

We regret to learn that the health of Hon. Wm. R. King is no better. He had gone to Matanzas, and despaired of a final recovery. While in Havana, Mr. King had a misad- venture standing with General Canedo, who, vaingloriously agreed to visit him, but failing to do so, Mr. King reminded him of his failure, when Gen. Canedo immediately called, but was refused admittance. Before Mr. King departed for Matanzas, however, cards were interchanged.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22. Gen. Pierce really arrived here last night and has been suffering to remain very quietly in his lodgings, though this is a public day and was celebrated by a military parade. The United States flag is displayed from the hotel, and it was almost the only apparent sign of the presence of the President, elect during the day. Gen. Pierce received no public calls, but had private interviews with a number of his friends.

We mentioned some time ago, says the Charleston Standard, that a valuable Copper Mine had been opened in Polk county, Tennessee. This is confirmed, and, what is better still, the ore is found to extend in- to North Carolina, in the direction of the Rabun Gap route. It has been found in Cherokee county, North Carolina, and the Asheville News says that a company of Eng- lishmen are now working it successfully. The ore is said to be strongly impregnated with silver. We are not informed of the exact location of this mine, but in any part of Cherokee county, it must be much nearer to the route of the Rabun Gap Road than to any other outlet.

Capital punishment is abolished in Russia; that is, a man is not sentenced to be hung, but he is sentenced to nine or ten thou- sand blows of the knout, and expires long before half the sentence has been executed upon him.

Gentlemen desirous of serving their beloved country, in some official capacity, some wag in the Carpet Bag hits off thus: "The office-holders are all in a sweat." Said an office-holder, with exultation: "True," said Mr. Roger, "I never yet Saw such a General Pierce-piration."

The Paducah Journal says, that in almost every portion of the Union, excepting Boyd's district, Kentucky, collections were made at the polls, during the recent election, in aid of the Washington Monument. It is said that the reason the same thing was not done in that district was that Washington tests a whig.

A LESSON TO LEARNERS.—When old Za- chariah Fox, the great merchant of Liver- pool, was asked by what means he contrived to realize so large a fortune as he possessed, his reply was: "Friend, by one article alone, and in which thou mayest deal too, if thou pleasest—it is civility."

"Go it, Boots!"—A new paper has been started at Chicago, called the Christian Shoemaker. Its motto, "there's nothing like leather!"

WELL PUT.—The Racine Advocate, after calling attention to the low term of its sub- scription, adds: "It must be understood that this is the price of the paper, not of the Editor of it."

It is stated that of the three hundred illu- strious families of pioneers and patriots, first introduced into the province of Texas, by Stephen F. Austin, only nineteen heads of families are now remaining.

A victim to spiritual rappings named Rich- ard Dougherty has been placed in the New York Lunatic Asylum, and the public au- thorities are said to be in possession of infor- mation showing that he has been defrauded by the rappers of \$13,000.

FILLIBUSTERISM ON THE EBB.

Young America has spoken in the Senate. And what has Young America in the Senate to say? Well, as near to nothing as can be. The big balloon of Manifest Destiny collapses, and flaps about like a sloop's mainsail in a calm. The gale is over, the bubble is burst, the kite string has broken, and Young Ameri- ca drifts helter-skelter in the sky, or scuds back, straggling for a shelter, like hens run- ning for a shed in a shower. Fillibusterism is nowhere. Soule, and Ned Marshall, and Douglass, and George Law, and Sanders, and a number of others, big and little, that started just after the Presidential election, to raise a steam on this notion of Manifest Destiny in general, and Cuba Annexation in particular, have made as great a miscarriage in their ef- forts as Lopez himself did. Undertaking to set more sail, they have had all their canvass blown away. They went aloft on the rail- ways, with great show and pretensions, to hoist their wind-bags, and have not only lost them over- board, but have barely saved their own bacon, by coming down by the run on the standing rigging of the ship.

This figurative mode of expression must be excused. These brilliant Fillibusters come before us in flashes and streaks, that we can only deal with them in tropes and figures of a flashy description. It were as sensible to attempt to apply geometrical measurement to a fog bank, as to deal specifically with the vapors these gassy fellows generate. They are as ridiculous as the Millerites, who put on their ascension robes, and gathered crowds, while they climbed into high trees to take their flight, and who leaped only to break their necks, or to stick fast in the mud.

Mr. Ned Marshall started first to "blaze" out the road for Young America to take, which would lead to Cuba, and after going all around Robin Hood's barn, ended in the lame and impotent conclusion that it was no go; but that a path could be cut to Hayti, and recommended his boon companions to take that as better than nothing. Mr. Soule fol- lowed amid a great clatter of tin pans and sounding of rams' horns on his expedition fillibuster-wise. He traveled on for some time, and at the end, his followers, hearers and readers concluded that his road led no- where. He got no farther ahead, so far as anything practical was to be attained, than a horse in a bark-mill. And lastly comes the Douglas, the favorite, and champion, and candidate of Young America, to hold his flambeau to the path they should follow. The moment he stops talking all is darkness again. The Fillibusters have crowded to the shores at the sound of the bugles of their leaders and impatiently await embarkation or direction. But the atmosphere is misty, the ways are muddy, the ships are not forthcoming, the leaders are in a state of obfuscation, and nothing promises to be done. The play don't commence—the entertainment don't begin, and the audience are getting impatient.

We suggest that Fillibusterism is on the ebb, and that unless somebody does some- thing pretty soon, Young America will begin to disband and disperse. We don't want them to take it hard of us to say so, but really we think that their prospects are growing poor under their present leaders. Suppose they should try a change. There is Sken Smith, and Rynders, and Mike Walsh, and others, to be had. The old ones are getting quite too old fogyish. Turn 'em out and try some new ones. We don't want to see this party go to pieces; it has a mission to fulfill in which we have an interest. We have among us some chaps who have a great penchant for a storm in the Caribbean Sea, and who would be improved by it, especially if it resulted in their getting overboard. There is a lack in Mr. Douglas's speech which strikes us with great force, consider- ing the prominence given to the subject by his lieutenant in the House. We allude to his omission to say a word of Hayti.

Mr. Marshall, seeing the need of doing something for the fillibusters, after finding the Cuban scheme exploded, gave a "delicious" picture of Hispaniola, and turned their eyes thither. But his suggestions have fallen still- born. The Senator is silent as the grave thereon. No echo has been awakened in that quarter to inspire the hopes of the little band of patriots who sail under the flag of Young America. There is no longer a Cuba, or even a substitute for Cuba, held out to them—Hayti would do better than nothing, but even that it would seem is not hereafter to be considered legitimate plunder. The hopes of the Fillibusters have turned to dust and ashes. We do not wonder that their organ is adver- tised for sale—stock and fluke. But who will buy The Democratic Review after all this col- lapsing of the Young American Leaders, and especially after its awful faux pas of publish- ing the likeness of the ablest "Democratic Editor," the sight of which, according to Prentice, has occasioned innumerable deaths from convulsions. Nobody. It is a gone case—leaders, party, organ, and all. Who'll write an epitaph on Young America and the Fillibusters?—New York Tribune.

The examination of Sands, the alleged Postoffice defaulter, has closed at Mobile, and he has been bound over in the sum of \$5000 to appear before a higher Court.

THE DEAD WIFE.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other earthly bereavements are trifling. The wife she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven—she who is so busied, so unwearied in laboring for the precious ones around her—bitter is the tear that falls on her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above that sweet clay, save those your hand may unwittingly have planted. Her noble- tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But she is dead!—The dear head that laid upon your bosom rests in the still darkness, upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly are folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portal. The heart, whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend now above her with tears, shaking the dew from their petals that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful.

Many a husband may read this in the si- lence of a broken home. There is no white arm over your shoulder; no speaking face to look up into the eye of love; no trembling lips to murmur—"oh! it is so sad."

The little one whose nest head has filled gazing in wonder at your solemn face, puts up his tiny hands to stay the tears, and then nestles back to its father's breast, half con- scious that the wing that sheltered it most fondly is broken.

There is strange a hush in every room! no light footsteps passing round.—No smile to greet you at nightfall.

And the old clock ticks and strikes, and strikes and ticks—it was such music when she could hear it! Now it seems to knell only the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gathering upon her sweet face.

It strikes and the fatal time when the death warrant rang out—"there is no hope." Two! she lies placidly still—sometimes smiling faintly, sometimes gazing a little, for she is young to tread the valley of the shadow.—Three! the babe has been brought in, its little face laid on her bosom for the last time.—Four! her breath comes fainter, but a heav- enly joy irradiates her brow. Five! there is a slight change—oh! that she might live!—Father, spare her.

EFFECT OF LIGHT.—Dr. Moore, the cele- brated metaphysician, thus speaks of light on body and mind: "A tadpole confined in dark- ness would never become a frog; and an in- fant being deprived of heaven's free light will only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a beautiful and reasonable being. Hence in the deep, dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valleys, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy starts the traveler.—It is a strange melan- choly idiosyncrasy. Many persons are incapable of any articulate speech, some are deaf, some are blind, some labor under all these privations, and misshapen in almost every part of the body. I believe there is in all places, a marked difference in the healthiness of houses, according to their aspect with regard to the sun, and those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day fully exposed to the direct light. Epidemics af- fect inhabitants on the shady side of the street and totally exempt those on the other side; and even in epidemics, such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its labors."

A HUGE CLIPPER SHIP.—A ship builder at East Boston is constructing a monster clip- per ship for the California trade. She is three hundred and thirty feet long on deck, 52 feet beam, thirty feet deep, with three decks, and four thousand tons burthen. Custom House measurement. She is to be called "Young America," and will be worth \$500,000. She will be the largest vessel that has floated since Noah's Ark. The Young American will carry between five and six thousand tons of freight.

The New York National Democrat says:—Several of the relations of the new Empress of France are residents of this city, and bear the name of Kirkpatrick. They are very poor and employed in the manufacturing of brushes. They will hail the good fortune of their relative with satisfaction, and look for some smiles of favor from her good luck.—One of them will leave for France as soon as he can raise money sufficient to pay his pas- sage.

"It is a poor rule that will not work both ways." Thirty-five years ago there were thirty distilleries in Fayette county, Ohio; and no church; now, there are thirty church- es and no distilleries.

The Boston Chronicle says, "thousands have been made liars and dishonest by the Main Law, but that it has ever made one temperate man we have yet to learn."

Some uncultivated scamp says:—When a woman goeth to a ball, she "sit- teth her cap" at the "men"—when she re- turneth home, before retiring to bed, she setteth her cap at the looking glass. When a man courteth a woman, they both feed hugely upon "honey"—when they marry they often tasteth very much of "worm wood and gall."

One unquiet perverse disposition distem- pers the peace and unity of a whole family, in society, as one jarring instrument will spoil a whole concert.

DESTRUCTION OF MODERN ROME.—Many authors have asserted, as their interpretation of some parts of the Apocalypse, that Rome will be destroyed by fire from heaven, or swallowed up by earthquakes, or overwhelmed with destruction by volcanoes, as the visi- ble punishment of the Almighty for its popery and its crimes. I am unwilling, having read so many books on the interpretation of the prophecy, to deduce any arguments of this kind from the prophecies which are un- fulfilled; but I beheld everywhere—in Rome, near Rome, and through the whole region from Rome to Naples—the most astounding proofs, that the whole region of Central Italy will one day be destroyed by such a catastrophe. The soil of Rome is *terra*, with a volcanic subterranean action still go- ing on. At Naples the boiling sulphur is to be seen bubbling near the surface of the earth. When I drew a stick along the sur- face of the ground, the sulphurous smoke followed the indentation; and it would never surprise me to hear of the utter destruction of the southern peninsula of Italy. The en- tire country and district is volcanic. It is saturated with beds of sulphur and the sub- strata of destruction. It seems as certainly prepared for flames as the wood and coal on the hearth are prepared for the taper which shall kindle the fire to consume them. I again read the remarks of Dr. Cumming; Rome, he believes, is to be overthrown by judgment, not to be converted by the agency of the gospel, nor to be exhausted by po- litical assaults. It is literally to be consumed by fire. Whether he is correct in regarding such an event as the fulfillment of the prophe- cies, and the demonstration of the anger of the Creator against the incorrigible as- sumption of an erring and influential church, I know not; but the Divine hand alone seems to me to hold the element fire in check, by a miracle as great as that which protected the cities of the plain, till the righteous Lot had made his escape to the mountains.

TWO IN HEAVEN.—"You have two chil- dren?" said I.

"I have four," was the reply; "two on earth and two in heaven."

Thus spoke the mother! Still hers!—only gone before! Still remembered, loved and cherished, by the heart and at the board; their places not yet filled, even though their successors draw life from the same faithful breast where their dying heads were pillowed.

"Two in Heaven!"

Safely housed from storm and tempest; no sickness there, nor drooping head nor fading eye, nor weary feet. By the green pastures, tended by the Good Shepherd, linger the little lambs of the heavenly fold.

"Two in Heaven!"

Earth less attractive! Eternity nearer! Invisible cords, drawing the maternal soul upwards. Still small voices, ever whisper- ing, "come," to the world weary spirit.

"Two in Heaven!"

Mother of angels! Walk softly! holy eyes watch thy footsteps; cherub forms bend to listen! Keep thy spirit free from earth- taint; so shalt thou go to them, tho' they may not return to thee.

FRANKNESS.—Be frank, with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and cour- age. Say just what you mean to do on ev- ery occasion and take it for granted you mean to do what is right. If a friend, ask a fa- vor, you should grant it, if reasonable; if it is not, tell him very plainly why you cannot. You will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or to keep one, the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly and firmly with all men; you will find it the policy which wears the best. Above all do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing to a man's face, and another behind his back. We should live, act, and speak, out of doors, as the phrase is, and say and do what we are will- ing should be known and read by men. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but as matter of policy.

FRIENDSHIP.

We have been friends together, In sunshine and in shade; Since first beneath the chestnut trees In infancy we played.

But coldness dwells within thy heart, A cloud is on thy brow; We have been friends together— Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together, We have laughed at little jests, For the fount of hope was gushing Warm and joyous to our breasts. But laughter now hath fled thy lip, And sullen glooms thy brow; We have been gay together— Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together, We have wept with bitter tears, O'er the grass-grown graves where slumber'd The hopes of early years.

The voices which were silent there Would bid thee cheer thy brow; We have been sad together— Oh! what shall part us now?

A NEW WAY TO ROB THE BEES.—Brother Jonathan, ever awake to the practical ap- plication of every discovery, has taken a hint from the burglars, and as they have proved chloro- form to be better than pistol or dirk, for put- ting to sleep the person they are robbing; so Brother Jonathan has learned to use it for robbing the poor bees of their honey. The plan is this: The hive is placed above a chamber, having a glass window at one side, and a small hole pierced at the other. The chloroform is put in a small bottle having two tubes through its cork, only one of which is allowed to come into immediate contact with the chloroform. The tube which does come into immediate contact with the chloro- form is inserted into a small hole in the side of the box and by blowing into the oth- er the chamber is soon filled with the gas and they tumble out in a box below.

A SEDUCER SHOT.—A young man named Robert Peters, was shot at Ripley, Ohio, on the 9th inst., by Charles Baird, whose sister he had seduced and refused to marry. He was lying in a very critical condition on the 11th. The Cincinnati Gazette of Saturday says:

Baird was in California when the news of his sister's ruin reached him, he immediately left his business, and scarcely took rest or food till he reached Ripley. He sought an inter- view with Peters, and used every argument and every entreaty to induce him to make the only reparation left possible. Baird finally offered Peters three thousand dollars of his hard earnings if he would marry his sister. When this was refused Baird drew his pis- tol and shot the seducer, with the intention as he frankly avers, of killing him on the spot. Miss Baird is said to be partially de- ranged. The utmost sympathy is felt in Ripley for Baird and his sister. Peters is a tailor, and formerly worked in the establish- ment of Mr. Haddock, in this city.

OPENING OF THE GREAT SILVER MINES.— Information of increasing demand for silver having been generally diffused, extensive pre- parations have, we understand, been entered into in various quarters to augment the an- nual yield from the different silver mines, in almost all quarters of the world. Work has been recommenced on many of the shafts heretofore neglected in South America; and while new parties are constantly being sent out "prospecting" large additional forces, with improved machinery, have been put upon most of the principal pits and galleries of mines in that country. In a short time there will be an immense number of hands engaged in getting out the ore, and from the richness and inexhaustibility of these sources of the precious metal, it would not be at all sur- prising if in a year or two, if not during the coming season, silver in bars and coin should begin to be sent here in quantities or amount hardly inferior to the vast monthly receipts of gold now flowing from California and Aus- tralia into the United States.—Boston Courier.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.—A very in- teresting experiment was tried at Chicago, a few days ago, to ascertain the amount of oxygen necessary to support life. Six hundred per- sons were placed in a hall of one of the hotels, all the doors and windows were closed and the experiment began. During the first half hour nothing special was observed ex- cept a universal drowsiness, which was ward- ed off as long as possible by an ingenious device of the experimenter in the shape of an eloquent lecture. During the second half hour several sank into a deep sleep, from which it was impossible to rouse them, and a few fainted. At the end of the third half hour it was deemed unsafe to continue the experiment longer, and the fact was con- sidered established that under those circum- stances life would not become extinct within the space of ninety-five minutes.

A LONG STORY IN A FEW WORDS. The Shreveport Gazette tells a story of a Geor- gia emigrant on his way to Texas, who com- plained that the Railroad system had driven him from his native State. He had lived two hundred miles from Augusta, where land was worth three dollars per acre, and sold from four to five dollars per bushel. A few years since a Railroad was constructed in his county, which reduced the price of his land to thirty dollars per acre, and otherwise so impoverished him, that he was compelled to sell out and move to Texas. It seems that he had successfully dodged the "Foolkiller" until he reached Shreveport where he be- came conscious of his error and made the above singular confession.

A LARGE FARM.—Uncle Sam's farm is now considered a pretty widely extended "neck of woods." He thinks the good time has come and is now desirous to sell all out. He offers one billion three hundred and eighty seven million five hundred and thirty- four thousand acres of land. He asks \$125 per acre for it which will put him in funds again to the amount of \$1,734,485,000. Some are urging him to be liberal and give it away, but he says he has no other relations.

There is an old maid in Connecticut who is so ugly that whenever she crosses a bridge the water all dams up above, being too frightened to pass under. She sometimes lures herself out to overflow meadows.

A CLINCHER!—A distinguished medical lecturer, in a neighboring State, once describ- ed a glandular swelling as being "as large as an apple." One of the students audibly whispered, "as large as a piece of chalk." "It was about the size of a large apple," con- tinued the lecturer. "A large piece of chalk," repeated the wag in an undertone. "It was as large as my fist," thundered out the in- dignant lecturer, at the same time clenching it convulsively, and shaking it at the obnoxious and terrified student.

Among the strong minded women who met in convention last week in Albany, was Mrs. Bloomer, the lady who goes in for breeches and buncoons. During her stay at the Capitol, she called on Sard, and got measured for three pair of cassimere pants. The tape with which he took her dimensions, is kept in a glass case, and exhibited to bachelors at a shilling a sight.

There were 7,500,000 tons of freight and 10,000,000 passengers carried upon the rail- roads of New York last year, and there is already invested in them the sum of \$100,000,000.

Girls do you want to get married, and do you want good husbands? If so, don't take pride in saying you never did house work, never cooked a pair of chickens, never made a bed, and so on. Don't turn up your pretty nose at honest industry; never tell your friends you are not obliged to work. When you go shopping, never take your mother with you to "carry the bundle."

It was well remarked by an intelli- gent old farmer: "I would rather be taxed for the education of the boy than the ignorance of the man—for one or the other I am com- pelled to do."

A contemporary says—"Speak not at all rather than speak ill." Adopt this as a rule and what would woman season their young hyson' with!